"The world is dark with human woe; Msu eats of bitter food!"
"The world!" he says, "is all aglow With beauty, bliss and good!?"
"To crush the sense you must strive, The beast of flesh destroy!"
"God gave this body, all alive, And every sense is joy!"

"Nay, these be heathen words we hear; The faith they teach is flown,— A mist that clings to temples drear And altars overthrown." I' rick not how or whence it came, "It cansevers. "I possess !! It heathens felt and owned the same, thow highly and the same, they highly was the same, they have same they was the same that the same they was the same the same they was the same the same they was the same they was the same the same they was the same the s

"Though you be stubborn to believe, Yet learn to grasp and hold; There's power and honor to achieve, And royal rule of gold!" Penn Calvin plucked an open rose And carolled to the sky: "Shine, sun of Day, until its close,— They live, and so do I!"

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JOHN F. BOSWORTH, Editor and Proprietor.

"Bound by no Party's arbitrary sway, We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

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illusion dissipated, to choke the last fount of feeling, and to put ashes on the last bit of green, go back to the scenes of early days. The brook, that lovely brook, alone is fresh and musical as when I first heard it ripple over its shallows. That I went to; it is smaller and poorer; the playground is nothing; the school not what it was. I expect the new proprietary schools cut out all the old grammar and college schools. And here so many years of my early life were passed—thirty years ago—before I went out to India. And here I first loved Lettice—Lettice, who jilted me for another nearer home, widow of the opulent brewer deceased, of brazen

"LA HAUTE ECOLE."

A long oval tent, half stable, half greenroom, of Harman's circus; for it was a
traveling circus, and not given to overloading itself with superfluous baggage;
badly lighted, strong smelling, the canaxis brown with wear and old age, the
grass underfoot beaten down by the hoofs
of the horses, and trodden into the miry
ground; an animated scene, with the
riders and attendants and musicians scattered about; but strange and novel to me,
standing there, while John Harman, first
groom to my father, rested himself after
the fatigues of the first part of the programme. He was sitting astride his chair,
with his thumbs caught in the alternate
arm-holes of his waistcoat, and his round,
red lace alternately serious and merry, as
he ran over his history of the last ten
years. He lett us to help his brother,
who was always in the horsemanship line,
in the management of the circus; but since
then Tom Harman had died, and our old
groon become the sole proprietor.
"Tom would be pleased to see the old
place and the curtain, which shut off the
ring, and the crowded seats, where the
spectators were awaiting the second part
of the programme: "and he would be A long oval tent, half stable, half greenspecially sort of a gnest to have—selfish and solitary, rise and roots at all hours, and some analytic than the country and the special continuity, rise and roots at all hours, and the special continuity, rise and roots at all hours, and the special continuity, rise and roots at all hours, and the special continuity and an analytic hours, and the special continuity and

She's as high spirited as a thorough-bred.

She's as high spirited as a thorough-bred. They won't bear the curb, nor she either, but she rides well, and she draws; so I put us with her whims.

A child was coming down the steps of the van. She turned round when she reached the grass to say "Good-night" again, before she ran off. And mademoiselle, from inside, answered "Good-night;" and then came to watch the child. She closed the lower half of the door in a dreamy, unconscious manner, and resting her arms upon it, leaned forward, looking up at the sky. She was still in her ridinghabit; and the moonlight fell full upon her as she stood there, with a weary look in her upturned face, and great, heavy tears gathering slowly, and glistening down her checks.

"Eh! eh! mamzelle," broke out Harman, speaking with more than his ordinary kindness. "Why, what's the matter? And after your success to-night too."

The sound of his voice broke her dream.

muttering something about being sorry to have kept me up, he passed into the room, wheeled the arm-chair round to the fire, and sat down. I said a few words,—how dreadfully hard

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I had seen the girl waiting as usual behind the curtain: seen Harman talking to her, and pointing us out; but when the musicians returned and struck up, she was not forthcoming. The audience waited quietly at first; it was not till the mer commenced the old tune for the second time that they began to show signs of impatience. The noise increased steadily, drowing the music, as the delay continued. There was a hitch somewhere; the minutes had gone, and mademoiselle had not appeared.

"Till go and see what's the matter," I said. "Will you come?"

"Not now. I'll come afterwards."
"Not now. I'll come afterwards."
"So, leaving him there, I quitted the ring, and hastened round to the entrance of the imer tent.
"What are you waiting for?" I asked of the fellow who made way for me to pass, "Something todo with hat Frrench rirl."

"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes."

I said a few words,—how dreadfully hard and lackneyed they sounded! I could not go, as a woman could, and kneel down by his side, and coax the tears, by a gentle caress, into his bloodshot, burning eyes; so I sat in silence till he chose to speak. There was one thing I could do. It wanted but four minutes to five; and, pretending to search for something on the manted but four minutes to five; and, pretending to search for something on the manted but four minutes to five; and, pretending to search for something to the stop in the side of the clock to prevent its striking. I thought the sound might a upon his nerves. Eight hours before, it had been the signal which warned us that it was time to go to the active was that it was time to go to the clock to prevent its striking. I thought the sound might a upon his nerves. Eight hours before, it had been the signal which warned us that it was time to go to the clock to prevent its striking. I thought the sound might a upon his nerves. Eight hours before, it had been the signal which warned us that it was time to go to the clock to prevent its striking. I thought the sound might a upon his nerve